

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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JANUARY, 1904

No. 1



Native House, Cuba

510 ❁ Tremont ❁ Temple
Boston

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HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. Howard B. Gross, has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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Programs

THE subject of the ECHOES this month is Cuba and Porto Rico. We have a prepared program on Cuba. The price of it is three cents and postage. A fine map and flag of Cuba can be loaned, also a letter from our teacher, Miss Gowan, giving an outline of one day's work at the mission. A set of Cuban pictures can also be obtained at the rooms. **Porto Rico.** An interesting meeting can be planned from the following: A description of a trip from New York to Porto Rico and thence to Cuba. The early history of the island and its condition under Spanish rule. American occupancy of the island. The strategic importance of Porto Rico. Medical missions in Porto Rico. Our own mission work among the people. Let six facts concerning the island be given, by as many different persons. Leaflets upon these subjects can be obtained by sending to Mrs. JAMES McWHINNIE, 510 Tremont Temple.

Special Notice

THE Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges will be observed by this Society Thursday, January 28th, by an all-day meeting at the Bowdoin Square Baptist Tabernacle, sessions beginning at 10.30 and 2.

In the morning, a number of letters, fresh from missionaries on the field, will be read and made the subject of prayer. In the afternoon, Mrs. G. W. Peckham, who has recently returned from a Southern trip, will give a kaleidoscopic view of scenes in the South. There will also be an address by Rev. C. H. Moss, of Malden.

Tea and coffee will be served during the intermission between the meetings.

It is greatly desired this year that we may have a large representative company of our Baptist women of Greater Boston at this meeting, to bear the needs of our work before the Lord in earnest prayer.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—TENNYSON.

Vol. VIII.

JANUARY, 1904

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The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

"A year for striving, And upward thriving,
A glad New Year—
Oh, hold it dear, For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth."



HE past year has been a bright one in our history as a Society. In January, 1903, we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary as an organization by a notable meeting at the Warren Ave. Baptist Church, Boston. The inspiration and impulse received at that time showed itself throughout the year in deeper interest, larger contributions, and more earnest consecration to the work. The annual meeting in May was an occasion of rejoicing, for we were free from debt and had money in the treasury.

During the year some radical changes have occurred in our schools. By the death of Mrs. R. C. Mather, in February, the plant at Beaufort became the property of the Society, and Miss S. E. Owen was made principal of the school.

Atoka Baptist Academy of Indian Territory has been transformed into the Indian Orphan's Home, the only Baptist Indian Orphan's Home in the United States.

In the early summer Miss Stein of Fresno was for a few days in New England. She was at our annual meeting, and gave us an insight into our work among the Chinese in California. She spoke in a few of our circles. A Chinese Bible class in New Haven, Conn., will long remember her earnest Bible talk to them in their own language.

Mrs. Grisham, of Mexico City, was also at our annual meeting, and in a few earnest words gave us a clear idea of the situation in Mexico City and the need of advance.

In July, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States Commissioner of Education for Alaska, gave an address at Park St. Church, Boston. He commended the Baptist mission at Wood Island, and urged that we generously support it.

In September and October Mrs. Rishel, of Velarde, New Mexico, was in New England. She attended meetings in nearly every State, and Echo Mission is no longer far away, but by her presence it has been brought near to us.

We have missed our corresponding secretary in every direction, but we rejoice that she is now on the road to permanent recovery. The reports from her are very encouraging, but it was deemed wise at the board meeting, December 3d, to extend her leave of absence until the close of the fiscal year, relieving her of all care as Corresponding Secretary,

and also as editor of the ECHOES. During her absence Mrs. Peckham, ably assisted by our president, Mrs. Coleman, has cared for the work.

Many of our loyal workers have, during the year, passed on into higher service. We miss their words of cheer, their inspiration, and their help. May the New Year be to every reader of the ECHOES a year of higher, nobler service for Him whose we are and whom we serve.



WE extend a cordial welcome to the new editorial secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, Rev. Howard B. Grose. As former editor of *The Watchman*, and later as pastor of one of our New England churches, we have long known of his ability and strength as editor and preacher. We shall miss his presence in New England, but rejoice that in his new position he will be more closely allied to us and our work.

"BEAUTIFUL and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going, most beautiful and blessed, because it is always the year of our Lord."

MRS. EMMA S. DELAMOTTA, the missionary in Georgia of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, died suddenly of apoplexy at Spelman on the 23d of October, in her sixty-eighth year.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, Dec. 3, 1903, the following vote was passed and placed on record:

"The officers and members of the Board of Directors of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society desire to put on record their loving appreciation of the life and work of Mrs. DeLamotta.

"From the earliest days of Spelman Seminary, she was associated with its work and with its missionary activities in the State of Georgia. Her love, humility, and longing desire for the uplifting of her own people made her an untold blessing to them. Her understanding of them and their needs, joined to a calm judgment and long experience, made her a wise and safe counsellor to the officers and teachers of Spelman.

"To those of us who had the privilege of knowing her personally, her memory will ever be fragrant, and we can ask no greater blessing for the women of her people than that they may follow in her footsteps, even as she so truly followed her Lord."

Cuba's Transformation

Prof. Frederic M. Noa, who has recently returned from Havana, where, for the last two winters, he represented the American Unitarian Association, delivered a lecture on "The New Cuba," in the Boston Art Club salon last evening. He described his travels and experiences in the island, and touched upon its climate and scenery. After a rapid survey of conditions under the Spanish régime, he said there is a new Cuba and a new Havana risen from the ashes of the past, and showed that a peaceful revolution has been wrought by the building of the new Cuban Central Railway (opened last December), which, for the first time in four hundred years, has given the island a trunk line, assuring rapid transportation from one end to the other. Professor Noa spoke hopefully of the future of Cuba, described her immense undeveloped natural resources, and closed with a review of her struggle for liberty. He paid a tribute to her noted public men and women, among whom may be mentioned Saco, who enjoys the unique honor of having written a comprehensive history of slavery throughout the world, and Avellaneda, the greatest woman poet and dramatist of Cuba. The lecture was illustrated with views taken by the lecturer. — *Art-Herald*.

Our New Naval Stations

Two sites have been agreed upon for United States naval stations in Cuba. One of these is Guantanamo, on the south coast, and the other is Bahía Honda, which is not far from Havana, on the north coast. The more important of the two is the one first named. The harbor of Guantanamo is spacious, and the conditions are favorable for the creation there of a very important naval base. Trustworthy reports pronounce President Palma's administration a capable and successful one. Good order prevails throughout the island; the sanitary system established under American administration has been maintained; there is widespread interest in education, and the relations of the Cubans with the Spanish element of the population, which were formerly so strained, are said to be improving constantly. — *Review of Reviews*.

From Toa Alta, P. R.

Doctor McLean, Presbyterian missionary at Porto Rico, gives the following incident from Toa Alta, an out-station about twenty miles distant from San Juan. He preaches there every Thursday, stopping overnight with a family of rigid Roman Catholics. On one occasion he took his daughter with him, and these Roman Catholic friends did all in their power to make it pleasant for them both. "After we had gone to the service, the mother and one daughter came and took their station outside. We returned to the house before they did, but when they came they did not make any secret of where they had been. The mother began to tell her other daughters of the great crowd and of the deep interest, and then she showed them with graphic gestures how the hands went up to seize the papers that were distributed at the close of the service. I have seldom seen any one more stirred up than this old-time Catholic." — *From Home Mission Monthly*.

Education in Porto Rico

At the close of the Spanish régime in Porto Rico eighty per cent. of the total population were illiterate. At the present time three times as many children are attending school as there were at any time under the Spanish government. There are twelve hundred public schools open in Porto Rico, which means a total enrolment of over six thousand children.

The children are taught by over eleven hundred Porto Rican and one hundred and fifty American teachers. Few communities can boast of so great interest in public education as prevails throughout the entire island. The insular legislature and town council now appropriate one-quarter of their revenues from taxation for the public schools. There are fifty night schools in operation and there are applications on file for the opening of as many more. English will become the dominant language of business intercourse as it is now the official language.

The United States government has been generous in its treatment of Porto Rico, and the economic future welfare of the island is assured. It is bound to grow and become more and more prosperous as years go on, but its small area and the meagreness of its resources will retard its internal development without liberal treatment from the people of the United States. It is a loyal American community and deserves our interest and help. — *From the Report of the United States Commissioner for Education in Porto Rico*.

News from Ponce

Mrs. Duggan has just returned to us after a greatly needed and justly deserved recreation. Of course we missed her greatly during her absence, but her work was well looked after by native women whom she had so well trained for the work. Doña Juana Rodriguez, our Bible woman, who for months had been studying and working with Mrs. Duggan, carried on the work among the women, while the assistant teacher of the infant class did admirably in keeping this department of the work running well until Mrs. Duggan's return. From seventy-five to ninety-five little folks were with us almost every Sunday in our school. This is the best test of one's work: that it shall stand well when the organizer has left it. Mrs. Duggan possesses to an unusual degree the ability to train native Christians for work. This is a rare gift and has been worth much to our mission.

We are glad to welcome our new worker, who returned with Mrs. Duggan, Miss Greenlaw. Her heart is full of enthusiasm and we trust her work may tell for the Master. She is fortunate in being associated with so experienced a missionary as Mrs. Duggan. Already she is busy with her Spanish grammar, and soon she will be telling to these women and children the good news we have all come to bring them.

In a word, this department of our work has prospered greatly in the past and now, with an increase in our working force, I am sure even better things await us.

God bless the noble women in the States who are giving and praying that the women and children of Porto Rico may be led in the ways of our Master!

Very sincerely,

A. B. RUDD.

Ponce, Nov. 24.

Conditions in Porto Rico

By WILLIAM H. HUNT, Governor of Porto Rico



HE history of the third year of civil government in Porto Rico but strengthens the belief that the United States can successfully institute, and carry on American government among and with a people willing to receive its blessings, even though such a people are of radically different tradition, language, and civilization. This is an important evidence of national force, for I doubt very much whether five years ago many Americans would have believed that the government by the United States of a then Spanish possession would have been so far accomplished that within two years after acquisition liberal self-government would be substituted for benign military control.

The results which stand for the real welfare of a community—equal political rights, free education, just criminal laws, equal taxation, and material growth—are satisfactory, indeed gratifying, in Porto Rico. Of course, there has only been a start, and contrast at this time must be made, not with old States of the Union, but with conditions which existed under the Spanish dominion, and which were found when the island became ours.

Four sessions of the House of Delegates (which is composed of thirty-five members elected by the people) have passed within three years. Moderation, intelligence, and common sense have prevailed in each. Laws which are universally considered prudent and wise have been enacted, and there has been no scene of insult, corruption, or deadlock. General elections have been held, and notwithstanding the impressionableness of the people and their natural love of politics, they have restrained themselves within bounds not less creditable than prevail at like contests in many States.

The courts are generally respected and crime goes unpunished much less than formerly.

The people are keen for education, and every school is overcrowded. All school children study English, and it is not uncommon to hear it in even the remotest parts of the island. Young men are studying, too, in the United States, fitting themselves for higher usefulness when they return.

Modern sanitation is in vogue, and with its extension have come decreased death rates, cleaner cities, and improved hospitals.

Merchants are gradually adopting the more rapid methods of American business men, and an English-speaking clerk is to be found in the principal stores of the larger cities.

Many more Porto Ricans go to New York and New Orleans than used to. Some go for pleasure, others for business, others for climates. They return with happy accounts of all they have seen and are ardent for the island to be in the closest relationship with the mainland.

The regiment of native troops is a soldierly, precise, and loyal body of men.

Law and order exist. Exceptional instances have occurred, and will. Socialism may crop out to a limited extent. But a better sentiment for peace and quiet is strong. In the natural order of things a few will regard their present liberty as license, but such obstacles are an inevitable part of the whole task. There is no doubt of successfully working through them.

Coöperation between a large majority of the natives and the governing authorities has marked the course of events. The full ambitions of the people will be realized in this way, and there will be no serious interruption to their continued progress. The destiny of Porto Rico is Territorial Government.

The Porto Rican people are peculiarly warm-hearted, generous, and kind. Added to these inborn qualities are intelligence and aspiration. Patience and fair-dealing dur-



HAT MARKET IN PORTO RICO

ing these early times will therefore insure enduring good results. — *From Independent.*

Treaty with Cuba Ratified "The Senate ratified to-day the treaty with Cuba, ceding to that republic the Isle of Pines, which under the Treaty of Paris was left for future determination of ownership. The treaty, in return for grants to the United States of naval and coaling stations in Cuba, confirms the title of the insular republic to the Isle of Pines." — *Washington, D. C., November 24th.*

YE tropic forests of unfaded green,
Where the palm tapers and the orange glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
And her far shade the matchless *ceiba* throws!

Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,
Save where the rosy streaks of eve give way
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day!

— *Lord Morpeth's Apostrophe to the Scenery of Cuba.*

A Careless Ramble in Porto Rico



UT of the bleakness and roughness of a winter Atlantic, we sailed into the beautiful Sargasso Sea, with its floating beds of yellow gulfweed, its myriads of flying-fishes, and the entrancing heavenly blue of its waters, and as a lovely sunny afternoon was drawing to a close, away on the horizon appeared a distant peak, which they told us was Porto Rico. Soon in the dimness of a fast approaching tropical evening, we saw a waving fringe of palms, and knew that we were nearing the goal of our journey. Not a sight of land since leaving New York; not a passing steamer; only a solitary voyage, an unbroken waste of water, and at last the sudden change from the snow and frosts of a New England February to the delights of a glorious June. As the night closed in upon us, we steamed slowly into the harbor of San Juan, keeping our channel by means of electric buoys, moored, to light the tortuous way.

Anticipation always pictures for us the appearance of things never before seen, and visions of San Juan had been in our minds, with picturesque little thatched cottages set down in the midst of tropical verdure and bloom; but when our feet first trod the uneven paving of the narrow streets, and our eyes beheld an unbroken wall of masonry, as house joined house, we gazed in astonishment, and another ideal was shattered.

Electric cars went gliding by, electric lights flashed into all the dark and dingy corners of the streets, and gaily lighted restaurants, with open doors, and small round tables, dispensed chocolate, soda, and ice-cream, just the same as at home, but, in spite of it all, it was intensely foreign, and Spanish.

The houses were of brightest hues, although defaced and soiled by time, blue and pink, and white and buff, with overhanging balconies everywhere, with windows that had no glass, and doors that were only green blinds, while the whole city seemed to group itself about the open "plaza" in the centre, with cathedral and churches, hotel, and club-rooms, stores with fascinating Spanish goods, and familiar American articles, and curios from the interior of the island, all gathered near. There was "Castle Blanca," which was built by Ponce de Leon, and used by him for his residence, and the church where he lies buried. There was "El Moro" with its historic light house, destroyed by Sampson's guns, and since rebuilt, and, encircling all, the ruined old walls of the city.

As we roamed around the people stared at us, knowing that we were strangers, and we stared in our turn. We knew no Spanish, they but little English, but there was the universal language of a smile, and the Porto Ricans were always gentle and courteous. The children would gather in groups to have their pictures taken, and a few cents always made them happy.

While in San Juan we lived at "The Olympo," a hotel kept by Porto Ricans, just out of the city, at Santurce. We had beds with neither springs nor mattresses, pillows with no feathers: the floors were washed in kerosene, and

we ate the most mysterious compounds, as they were called before us, "asking no questions for conscience' sake." What can you expect, where the fish are turquoise, and violet, and pink, as you see them in the market, the lobsters bright orange, and the pigs and fowl go alive to be sold? One evening, dining at a friend's house, we were told that, at three in the afternoon, the turkey designed for the *fiesta de resistencia* was walking round the library of our friend's house. There were quantities of cocoanuts everywhere, growing on the beautiful cocoa-palm, or heaped up in the streets for sale; and the milk of the cocoanut, frozen, made the most delicious of ices. There was plenty of artificial ice to be had, and the fruits and vegetables were daily fresh and plentiful; and always charming weather. Sitting on the hotel piazza, with the gleaming blue of the ocean seen through the swaying palms, with fountains splashing in their coolness, and a gentle breeze fanning our cheeks, we forgot that there was a care in the world.

There was surf-bathing on the beach at the "Club



MILITARY ROAD IN PORTO RICO

House," and natural hot sulphur baths at Coamo Springs, and an abundance of fine running water in all the cities.

Of course we went to Ponce, and were landed from the steamer in gay little boats with bright-colored sails and cushions. We saw native soldiers, infantry and cavalry, native police in uniform, native firemen, and heard the native bands play.

We drove from Ponce to San Juan over that wonderful military road, superior to any other on this continent, and as we climbed up among the mountains, it was most interesting to watch the black clouds gather, and descend in sheets of rain, then the sun burst out in all his glory again.

We bought delicious oranges out of wheelbarrows, as we drove through the villages, dozens for a few cents, and dulce, as tempting and toothsome as our own confections; and the vociferous street cries of the vendors, as they walked along the streets, with their trays nicely balanced on their heads, were as resonant, and much more musical, than those we are accustomed to hear at home.

The houses and plantations could be seen almost up to the very summit of the mountains, nestling close to the sides, as if afraid they might slide down into the valleys below.

We saw coffee growing, with its lovely white blossoms; we saw banana-trees, guava-trees, tamarind-trees, orange

and lemon trees, pineapples, tobacco, and sugar-cane. We saw them roast coffee till it was as black as a coal, and then pound it in mortars made out of the trunk of a tree.

We saw the farmers riding to market on small horses, with their wares in huge panniers, on either side of the little beast, and the people working, in rather an indolent fashion, to be sure. But why should they exert themselves? The conditions of living are easy. They can make a hut of bamboo, thatch it with the rank grass that grows everywhere, or with the bark of the palm-tree; live on bananas, sugar-cane, or cocoanuts; no need of fuel, scarcely of clothing. We saw many an imp, the only garment a pinafore, fastened with a single button at the back of the neck; and many a one resplendent in sunshine alone.

We saw the children going to school; and saw them, such quantities of them, drawn up in line at Ponce, to be reviewed by the governor, and often, as we passed the schoolhouses, we heard them singing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

In passing through the village of Coamo we saw "a sister" gathering in her flock for school in the morning. That was the only parochial school we saw. Of course there are others, but generally they are our own public schools with the "Stars and Stripes" floating over them,—the bulwark of our country.

We went to see the normal school at Rio Piechas, but it did not happen to be in session at the time; but, one day, returning from a call on "Pache" McCormick, we met, in the station and on the car, many of the pupils going to their homes. They had their histories open, and were studying the story of "Bull Run." The name caught my companion's eye, to whom the story of the war is a personal memory, and he at once made their acquaintance, and had a most delightful chat with them, while a dirty, greasy Catholic priest glared at them and at us, and mumbled his Aves and crossed himself, and no doubt cursed us all as heretics, but the children didn't mind him in the least, and we surely didn't, only we thanked God in our hearts that the oppression and tyranny of Spain were over forever for these Porto Ricans, and that at last they had a chance to develop their native talents. They are kindly and gentle in their ways, used to easy conditions of living. What possibilities are before them the future alone can tell. They all, as a young man said to us, "want to learn to spit yu langidge," and they all love the flag, and whenever the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," every Porto Rican stands up, and every man takes off his hat; and if you see a man with his head covered you may be pretty sure he is an American.

We strolled on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, and thought of course of Columbus, and picked up lovely coral and shells, and gazed over the waters blue, and wished that we might sail away to other islands beyond, but stern fate bade us turn our faces homeward, and it was with regret that we packed up our belongings, and one lovely afternoon came down to the pier, with all the kind friends, who had made our stay in Porto Rico such a joy, gathering round us, and as we went on board, and slowly steamed away from the dock, they sailed out by our side, and reached out their hands for a final farewell. We leaned over the side of the ship to catch the last good-by, but the empty air was between us; the shores of the island were receding, and Porto Rico was a thing of the past to us, a summer idyl to be forever cherished in our memories.

Portland, Me.

MRS. HOLMAN L. MELCHER.

From Boston to Santiago de Cuba

THE LEFT Boston on the 2nd and arrived in New York on the 3d of September, expecting to sail for Cuba on the 4th, but after waiting until past three P. M. of that date I learned that the boat—a small freighter—would not leave until the next day, consequently I decided to return by Havana and thence by rail to

Santiago—the same way I went home in June in order not to miss seventeen days of my vacation.

Cuba is not large, but to make the journey with a new railroad in poor condition it required three days' riding, and three nights in Cuban hotels, which are anything but attractive, to say nothing of the exorbitant price they charge.

From Puerto Principe the train was heavily loaded—eighty-three young men just enlisted for service in the Rural Guards completely filled one car—so the conductor kindly put us back in the first-class car, where we were a little more comfortable, but if there is any virtue in tobacco we surely could not have contracted any disease, for we were thoroughly smoked for those three days, I assure you.

At Puerto Principe we saw Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and passed a pleasant night with their family in the mission.

Was glad to catch the first glimpse of the Santiago mountains, I assure you, and like our part of the island the best. At 5:40, September 1st, I reached Santiago, and Monday, the 14th, opened school, and the following Thursday came up to my country home.

Oh, the accumulation of dirt during vacation, and only Saturdays for regulating, kept me busy.

School has opened very well, considering the times, and most of my old children returned, which is most encouraging, for I would rather have the old ones than new ones.

The people are so much poorer than last year; some cannot buy the books they need and I cannot give them books. I tried that for one family, and it was not appreciated, and I cannot again.

My Sunday work is just getting settled again. For the month of October I went up to Cristo for the Sunday school, but now I am back in Santiago.

Saturday afternoon I have the children of this place in a school studying the Sunday-school lesson, and Sunday morning, as usual, the smaller children in Santiago church, followed by my Christian Endeavor and Loyal Temperance Legion. In the afternoon I am going to a new Sunday school just opened, out in the edge of the city. There were over thirty present last Sunday. We are taking up the study of the life of Christ, for these people know nothing of the Bible. Then Sunday evening I teach the Sunday-school lesson to the older people here in San Vicenti. My attendance has been very encouraging, sometimes having more than I have seats for. Doctor Moseley preaches here every Friday night and the people are coming out more now that he is back, and we have the meetings weekly once more.

Four new churches, Baptist, will be dedicated to God's service during the next few months: Christo (Christ), Dos Caminos (Two Roads), and San Luis (St. Louis), in our province, and another in Puerto Principe.

The 1st of November came the struggle with internal revenue, and one man was so very patriotic he took all his dutiable articles into the middle of the street and burned them. He wants free Cuba, but is not willing to help free it. The large liquor factories are shut down, hoping to fight it out that way. We shall see. Everything is much higher than last year. They are to make up the loss by making us pay higher prices for our other goods.

The 15th of November through daily trains commenced running between Santiago and Havana. The running time is twenty-five hours, leaving here at 6 A. M., arriving at Havana 7 A. M. the following day. This makes us still nearer home, for we now have daily mails, which is a great difference from when I came here three years ago.

If we can only see as great an advance spiritually and intellectually as in this we may be sure this will be the pearl of the Antilles, indeed.

Forget us not in our struggle against the blighting hand of Roman Catholicism.

ELMA GRACE GOWAN.

CUBA is to have a modern up-to-date shipyard at Santiago.



American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

WITHIN the next three months, ending March 31st, 1904, The American Baptist Home Mission Society needs, in round numbers, \$260,000 to meet its current obligations. This means about \$35,000 more than was received in the same time last year. It ought to have \$50,000 more for the betterment of some of the schools for the negroes and the Indians, and for enlargement of its work in other quarters.

REV. W. A. PETZOLDT, of Sheridan, Wyoming, has been appointed missionary to the Crow Indians at Lodge Grass, Montana, and expects to erect the chapel and residence this winter. The Indians have unbounded confidence in him, and have offered to haul the timber from quite a distance without charge. He has also the coöperation of some influential whites, one of whom proposes to erect a "council-house," in which shall be preserved a large and valuable collection of Indian curios. A field matron, a devoted and capable woman, ought soon to be appointed to labor chiefly in the homes of these Indians.

We could name a dozen colored men and women in one Southern State whose worth to the world, as leaders of their people, would in itself be a full equivalent for the half million dollars expended in the maintenance therein of Christian schools in which they were educated.

REV. THOMAS H. SPRAGUE, missionary of the Society to Cuba, sailed from New York December 3d. His field for the present will be Puerto Principe, as an associate of Rev. D. A. Wilson. An enthusiastic meeting of the Young People's Societies of Philadelphia was held on the Monday evening preceding his departure, at which he was adopted as their missionary, and about \$1,200 pledged for his support. This purely spontaneous action of the young people is highly appreciated. There is opportunity for others to do likewise.

THE refusal of the trustees of Trinity College at Durham, N. C., to retire Prof. John S. Bassett from the faculty because he expressed his judgment that Booker Washington was the greatest man, next to General Lee, that the South had produced in the last century, is a distinct gain for freedom of academic utterance and tolerance of

opinion. A strong public sentiment had been worked up, and great pressure was brought to bear upon the Board. The decision, 18 to 7, highly honors those who made it.

If you are hoping for a revival in your church, do not be discouraged if your hopes and prayers are not realized at once. An Indian woman, in her simplicity, kept on praying five years that God would send a teacher for her neglected tribe—and now the teacher is there.

DID you make a Home Mission offering last year? If not, a New Year resolution on that subject should be made for this year, and kept.

A Personal Word

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Common greeting, but spoken from the heart at the dawn of this unknown Opportunity—1904. Greeting to you, officers of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, whom it has been my pleasure to know, and, as occasion offered, to serve during my residence in New England. I can say here, just this once and in confidence, that it was a strong heart-pull to leave the endeared associations of Boston, and the New England ministry and laity which hold large place in my affections. All the more glad shall I be to feel that I am a co-laborer with the women at the Rooms in Tremont Temple in extending the cause of Home Missions, a cause as vital to New England to-day as to any section of our land.

Greeting to you, teachers and workers of the societies, in your fields North and South, East and West. I know something of the hardships and heroism of your work; I esteem you all for self-sacrifice cheerfully made; the more difficult and unnoted your work, the more deeply I sympathize with and honor you in doing it. Be assured that you have one more warm friend at the Rooms, who will do all in his power to make the nature and needs and nobility of your service known to the world.

Greeting also to you, readers of ECHOES—you of the churches, you who sustain the work of your representatives, the Societies. A Happy New Year—God grant it! How shall it most certainly be made that? By seeing every new day of it as new opportunity to help some one in Jesus' name. That is the secret of happiness and the spirit of missions.

Notes of a Southern Trip

By the Corresponding Secretary

IN twelve days, from November 12-29th, we travelled about two thousand six hundred miles, spending six nights on trains, visiting seven schools for the colored people in six Southern States. "The sunny South" was shivering with the thermometer at thirteen degrees in Louisville, and about the same at some other points. Of two or three things on this trip we make special mention.

Dedication at Jackson

The first thing of special importance was the dedication of the new buildings of Jackson College, at Jackson, Miss. These are located on a spacious campus of nearly one hundred acres, well adapted to agricultural operations, and consist of two brick buildings, each about 40 x 115 feet, of three stories and a high basement, with slate roofs, and heated by steam. There is a good residence also for the president. Several smaller buildings are on the premises. The cost of the whole is about \$50,000, of which \$40,000 was derived from the sale of the former site two years ago. The accommodations for students are nearly twice what they were, and for all practical uses the present plant is worth double the old one.

The dedication services were held in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, Rev. E. E. Chivers, D. D., field secretary of the Society, preaching a very effective sermon. Quite a notable company of white people was present, among the number Hon. H. L. Whitfield, State Superintendent of Education; Rev. W. T. Lowry, D. D., President of Mississippi College at Clinton; Major Millsaps, a leading banker, and representative of Millsaps College at Jackson; Rev. Messrs. Yarboro and Price, pastors of Baptist churches in Jackson; Rev. Dr. T. J. Bailey, editor of the *Mississippi Baptist*; and several others. In short addresses after the sermon, all these extended their congratulations and expressed their hearty sympathy with the Society in this work for the colored people. The Corresponding Secretary of the Society delivered the keys of the buildings to President Barrett with an appropriate charge, and formally dedicated them to their high uses. The dedication prayer was offered by Dr. J. B. Thomas, of Chicago.

Great credit is due to President Barrett and his noble wife for their devotion and tact and toil in the face of many difficulties and discouragements incident to the reestablishment of the institution on the new site. They are held in high esteem by the whites as well as by the colored people of Jackson. Mrs. Barrett is overburdened with the double duties of matron and teaching. A matron is urgently needed.

A most delightful feature of the institution is the presence in the faculty of a cultivated and consecrated Baptist woman from Mississippi, highly connected, who has given herself to this work with all the fervent zeal of her deep religious life, finding in it great satisfaction and enjoyment. While some of her acquaintances received her coolly when it was known that she was to be a teacher in a school for negroes, her kindred generally and the leading members of the church cordially approved her course. Miss Granberry, so

far as we know, is the first Southern white Baptist woman to engage thus in this work. May her example induce others to do likewise.

Americus Institute

In Southwestern Georgia, in the centre of a dense negro population, at Americus, a city of about 8,000 people, is the school of which Rev. M. W. Reddick is principal. In six years, after most heroic struggles, he and his wife have secured a good property of about three acres, on which are three buildings, the whole valued at about \$7,000. Some of the buildings are yet incomplete and unpainted. Mr. Reddick himself has done much work thereon with his own hands. He is a graduate of Atlanta Baptist College, and Mrs. Reddick is a graduate of Spelman Seminary, while two other teachers are from the latter school. Under such a faculty it is not surprising to find a reproduction in miniature of our schools in Atlanta in all that relates to neatness, orderliness, and deportment. They have the respect of everybody in the community, and are doing a greatly needed work for all that region. The school is affiliated with the higher institutions in Atlanta. Two thousand dollars more are needed at once for more land and for improvements.

Notable Conference in Atlanta

The Conference on Moral and Religious Training of the Young, held at Atlanta Baptist College, November 25th-27th, was of a high order and of great value. The exercises of the school were suspended to allow students to attend the conference. Presidents of affiliated schools at Athens, Augusta, and Americus, as well as instructors in other institutions, were present; also a goodly number of pastors from the city and other localities. Besides these, the Home Mission Society was represented by the Corresponding and Field Secretaries, and by District Secretaries Thomas, of Chicago, and Proper, of Des Moines, Ia. The twelve addresses were followed by animated and discriminating discussions on the subjects under consideration, many of the colored brethren taking an active and intelligent part. A meeting for men on "Social Purity" was held at the college, and a similar meeting for women at Spelman Seminary. The conference dealt with matters vital to the elevation of the colored people. Without disparagement of industrial education, it must be said that the supreme need of the negroes is a livelier recognition of obligation to observe the ethical and spiritual standards of the Bible; and that without the quickening of the individual and of the public conscience on these subjects, the race will remain in gross materialism, if not sink into lower animalism. So profound was the conviction of the value of such conferences, that it was the unanimous expression that another should be held next year.

President Sale is to be congratulated upon the arrangement and management of the conference. Owing to the sickness of Mrs. Sale and daughter, some of the guests were entertained at Spelman Seminary, and were thus afforded opportunity to see the workings of that great educational beehive, and with Miss Giles and some of her associates to enjoy a good New England Thanksgiving dinner in the South.

A Porto Rican Home

Know a people you must get at their home life. Contrasted with the "tar-paper shack" pictured on this same page, this village home of a Porto Rican artisan appears decidedly respectable and comfortable. It is situated, moreover, in a climate where the problem is not how to keep warm but cool. Not barrels of blankets and clothing do the Porto Rican working people need, but schools, diversified industries, improved sanitary conditions, and the morality of domestic life that will come with the



A WORKMAN'S HOME IN PORTO RICO

pure Christian religion, such as now for the first they are learning from our missionaries.

This house is better than ordinary. The common house of the laborer is small and poor, with sometimes three, oftener two rooms, and these 6 x 7 or 8 x 10 in size. Absence of window-glass is all that ensures ventilation. Furniture is scanty. Housekeeping is exceedingly light; a



A MINNESOTA MISSIONARY'S HOME

kettle serves as portable range, in which, with a little charcoal or splinters of wood, the slight necessary cooking is done. Sometimes there is a "scissors bedstead," without mattresses or pillows, and with little covering; sometimes a sack or two suspended from the roof does duty as a hammock. These houses are frequently occupied by families of five or more, who sleep in the different corners of the room, often on palm branches. Tables are somewhat of a luxury, and boxes or the floor serve for sitting. The life is primitive, the fare meagre.

Into such homes the missionary enters, to find poverty often, but common vices and unhappiness rarely; on the contrary a surprisingly kind-hearted, polite, and sociable people, who do not allow the helpless to go hungry for a bit of bread or fish or soup. They listen to the gospel gladly and eagerly. In these homes are the children, in whom largely lies the promise of our Christianizing and civilizing efforts. The conditions are too crowded for their best development morally, and changes will come as Christianity makes its way and the family life becomes established on a new basis. The tots are generally bright and happy, as our snap-shot, taken by Doctor Hazlewood, indicates.

A Converted Spy

THE work in Porto Rico is making steady progress. The results are remarkable in proportion to the resources. In the places most difficult hitherto there are evidences that the truth is making its way. Our general missionary, Rev. H. P. McCormick, tells of a case that has attracted unusual attention because of the circumstances connected with it and the position of the person involved.

"A trip to Caguas this past week," he writes, "gives me some news that will be refreshing to you. For so long that has been, as you know, our barren field. But the bones are being clothed upon! Some fifteen have been baptized and others are converted. Some of these people give hope for the future. Among the converts is the sacristan, who was sent by the priest to spy on the brethren and report their efforts and success. But the hunter got caught, and the priests, after threatening him in vain, had to take their medicine and let him go. His baptism caused a good deal of interest."



PORTO RICAN CHILDREN

A Missionary's Home

THERE is little glamour about the life in a tar-paper house, and no overplus of comfort; yet it is in homes like this that some of our devoted missionary pastors live. The walls are not over-warm for a rigorous winter climate, and it is a wonder that the sweeping prairie winds do not pick up the light and flimsy structure and whirl it away.

This "tar-paper parsonage" is at Nary, in the logging region, where the thermometer drops to 50° below zero, and but for plentiful wood supply it would fare hard with the family. The missionary, Rev. John G. Wirth, teams and foots it over his large parish, distributing literature and holding meetings wherever possible; while his wife tries to maintain a prayer-meeting Sunday afternoon at their home. "Preaching is a small part of the work," he writes. "I find that the sincere Christian life among this rough class of people is a continuous sermon and more effective often than the spoken word." So indeed it is everywhere.

The Lodge Grass Mission



MEDICINE CROW — CHIEF

THE Crow Indians number about 1,870, occupy a reservation over seventy-five miles square in Montana, just above the Wyoming border, have 250 families living upon and cultivating allotted lands, and have 165 pupils in the government schools. More than this, they cultivate over 6,000 acres, and dispose of \$67,000 worth of products in a year; 260 dwelling-houses are occupied by them; 600 or more have adopted ordinary citizen's dress, and 400 of them know enough English for common use. This tribe it was, and with such beginnings of civilization, that desired a conference with our Home Mission Society representatives concerning a school and mission; and this conference it was that Field Secretary Chivers held, and has described so interestingly that we



DR. CHIVERS AND CROW CHIEFS

shall retell a part of his story, with the important addition that we now have a mission there.



OLD CROW — LAST WAR CHIEF OF THE CROWS

As the illustrations indicate, many of the men are strong-featured and fine specimens of physical manhood, of rather more than medium height, well-built, broad-shouldered; the younger women not unattractive in appearance, and not averse to wearing expensive robes on occasion, like their white sisters; when one goes beyond this into details as to cleanliness, refinement, and common morals, abundant room for mission work is found. The moral and religious condition is deplorable. They are still pagan in beliefs and practices. Little has been done to give them the true light of the gospel. Through-

out this large reservation there is no one to teach these scattered and wandering ones the "Jesus road."

In response to a petition from the leading men for a teacher, the council was held. Here is a pen picture of it:

"At the appointed hour Medicine Crow, the chief of the tribe, with White Arm, Wolf Lies Down, Gray Bull, Shows the Fish, Scolds the Bear, Old Bear, One Goose, One Star, Bull Goes Hunting, and other braves, came together with

braided hair and painted face and eagle feathers, arrayed in buckskin coats trimmed with ermine and



ESTHER "STEALS THE BEAR" — 780 ELK TEETH ON DRESS — WORTH \$800

bead-work and elk's teeth, and other ornaments, and seated themselves in a semicircle on the grass. Opposite them, in commoner garb, were younger men of the tribe, while a few squaws gathered outside the circle at a respectful distance. After the pipe of peace had been passed around and smoked

with due solemnity, and a statement had been made by the field secretary and associates as to the object of the council, the conference began. Each of the chiefs in turn stepped into the centre of the circle, shook hands with the visitors, and, after a few moments of dignified silence addressed first his own people and then the guests, giving his views as to the desirability of a mission."

The ruling desire of the Indians was for a school at Lodge Grass, that they might keep their children at home, instead of having them taken as now at an early age to the government schools at the agency or the Roman Catholic school at St. Xavier, some twenty-five miles away. Under this system the chances for the parents to see their children are few, and the homes are left without the comfort and joy of young life. "These Indians love their children, and crave their presence and companionship. No one who watched an Indian mother array her little one in all its finery for the taking of a photograph, could fail to detect the signs of mother-love and tenderness and pride. There

was the same love-light in the eye, the same gentleness in the touch, the same tenderness in tone and accent, as marks any other mother. One after another the Indians said: "We want our children at home with us. Build us a school here at Lodge Grass, and send us a teacher, and we will bring all our children from the agency schools and the Roman Catholic schools, and let you take care of them."

This strong sentiment carried the day against the younger braves, who feared that the coming of a missionary would impose unwelcome restraints, and put an end to their games and dances. The older men, as the talk went on, said the younger men were foolish, but would know more by and by. After two long sessions unanimity was reached, and the Indians expressed their readiness to assist in building a mission house, and begged that a missionary and teacher be sent without delay, pledging themselves to help in every possible way.

The Indian agent expressed hearty approval of the plans, and his hope that a school might be established at Lodge Grass, since fully five hundred Crows are within easy reach of this station. It is good news that this eloquent appeal for Christian help, a call "as loud as any that comes to us from heathen Africa," has not only been heard by the Executive Board, but that a missionary has been found in Rev. William Petzoldt, formerly of Sheridan, Wyoming, who has the necessary consecration and spirit of self-sacrifice, and is already on the field. Surely the funds will come for buildings and work; and how fitting it is that the first pledge for this cause was made by the Sunday school of our Baptist church at Tahlequah, I. T., composed largely of Cherokees. This is Christian brotherhood beautifully exemplified.

As parents think with thankfulness of their children in pleasant homes, and of what the homes would be without them, let them remember the prayer of the Crow mothers, "that they might have their children all the time," and make a New Year thank-offering for this new mission.

Shaw Students as Prize Winners

THE quality of work done in the Men's Industrial Department of Shaw University is proved by the premiums taken at the Colored State Fair held in Raleigh. With three or four other institutions as competitors, the Shaw students took sixteen prizes, eleven of them first prizes, and five second prizes, each of which will bring a cash premium of from \$6 down to \$1, and be accompanied by a diploma.

The first premiums were specials for best display of mechanical and industrial work from any institution of learning; best display of home-made machinery or apparatus for woodwork and metal; best display of ironwork; best display of home-made tools or implements forged and polished by home-made machinery; for masonry; for best specimens of architectural drawing; of mechanical drawing; of perspective drawing; for finished ironwork; for wood-carving; for handkerchief case. Second premiums were specials for finest and best woodwork, free-hand drawing, best display of hand-made furniture, sloyd work, and exhibits of woodwork.

President Meserve says of Education Day at this fair, that it was one of the greatest days the race in North Carolina has ever experienced. It was made memorable by the address of Booker Washington, who was also given a reception by the Shaw students, and spoke at their chapel service. His visit to Raleigh was a marked event, the *Morning Post* devoting several columns to his address. Leading citizens were present to hear him, and much interest was manifested in the fair, which disclosed the substantial industrial progress made by the colored people. The outcome was especially encouraging as an answer and offset to the recent revival of race prejudice by some of the white political leaders. Demonstrated efficiency is the strongest argument with which to meet such opposition.

Sources

I PASSED a stagnant marsh that lay
Beneath a reeking scum of green,
A loathsome puddle by the way;
No sorrier pool was ever seen.
I thought: "How lost to all things pure
And clean and white those foul depths be," —
Next day, from out that pond obscure,
Two queenly lilies laughed at me.

I passed a hovel 'round whose door
The signs of penury were strewn;
I saw the grimed and littered floor,
The walls of logs from tree-trunks hewn.
I said: "The gates of life are shut
To those within that wretched pen;"
But, lo! from out that lowly hut
Came one to rule the world of men.

— Success.

From Here and There

THE Evangelical Alliance has set apart Thursday of the Week of Prayer for Missions, Home and Foreign, "departments of the one evangelizing effort under the one great commission." Let us remember this day, in connection with the general evangelistic movement it is hoped that the Week of Prayer may be observed more generally and devotedly than for some years past.

A week of real prayer would mean a resultant revival of real power in our churches.

In West Virginia the State Committee on Evangelism recommends that conferences be held at different centres throughout the entire State, beginning January 10th, with an arrangement for special meetings wherever possible. A live committee means much for effective organization.

Rev. S. L. Morgan, of Fairmont, W. Va., reports that during a brief period there have been about twenty additions to the church, many of them excellent young workers; that contributions to missions have greatly increased, and that about \$250 have been expended on improvements.

The church at Yukon, O. T., Rev. F. Maddox, pastor, writes: "We have averaged three dollars per member for missions since January 1st." It is encouraging to hear of churches that develop such a lively missionary spirit as this.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

WE hope that the minds of our young people turn with interest to the work among the people of Cuba and Porto Rico. God has given to us, as Baptists, a large share in this gospel work. The first missionary on the island to preach the truth as it is in Christ Jesus was a Baptist, and other faithful servants of the Master are following in his steps.

Romanism has been the established religion and, as in other lands where it has had full sway, it has not brought forth the fruits of Christianity, but of paganism. Says one: "By the overthrow of the Spanish power, the people have been liberated from a more terrible power—the straldom of Rome. For years the intelligent, thinking men and women have been Roman Catholic in name only, while many are drifting into infidelity. The prayer of the Christian people of the United States has been 'Cuba for Christ.' The prayer has been heard. The powers of darkness have fallen back and the walls of Catholicism are ready to crumble before the march of Protestant missionaries. In the place of their empty and formal religion the people of Cuba need the pure, spiritual, precious gospel. Face to face with a corrupt clergy, they need men of God who will teach them to follow Christ and to train Christian families in Christian homes."

Our Baptist mission enterprises are prosecuted in the two eastern provinces, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba.

The *Missionary Review* gives us a few words concerning each of the Cuban provinces.

"Each of the six provinces bears the same name as its chief city, and is divided into judicial districts. Pinar del Rio is the famous tobacco region; Havana province yields all the various agricultural products of the island, and is the principal manufacturing centre; Matanzas is a centre of sugar production, and one of the richest and best developed portions of the island; Santa Clara was one of the first settled, and has large sugar plantations and factories; Puerto Principe is mountainous and largely forest and cavernous; Santiago de Cuba abounds in the products of the other provinces, and exceeds all in mineral riches, yielding gold, copper, iron, manganese, mercury, zinc, asphalt, marble, alabaster, rock crystal, and gems."

Our knowledge of the physical features must of course be obtained from trustworthy writers, and we quote from a contributor to the *Christian Herald*.

"Cuba has great rolling plains. It also has dense forests. The plains are called savannas. Savanna means a sheet. And these plains covered with grass look like immense sheets which have no borders."

"In the central province of Puerto Principe are found

both the plains and the forests, the latter being mostly in the eastern part bordering Santiago. The savannas are the grazing regions which, in years gone by, were trodden by hundreds of thousands heads of cattle and horses. They are again being filled with stock.

"I know nothing more exhilarating than a day's ride across the grazing regions. The air is always balmy, and one feels the freedom of the Montana or the Kansas ranch. The Cuban cowboys do not equal our Western cowboys in handling their horses, but this is partly due to the fact that the ponies which they ride are not so strong and stubborn as the mustangs of the West. I have seldom seen a bucking broncho in Cuba. The native cowboys are like the Mexicans in their love for fine hats and showy, braided riding jackets. They also have very fine saddles, though these are not so easy for the riders as the McClellan saddle, which is the favorite with American horsemen. Their life is a wild, free one, without the drawbacks of winter snows and blizzards, which is felt in the Western States.

"It is not only because of its great grazing plains and its forests that the province of Puerto Principe is notable. Along the northern border is the town of Nuevitas, which has a magnificent harbor and is famous historically as the place where Columbus and his sailors landed and erected the wooden cross. It used to be notable also for the sponge fisheries, but there is not much of these now. I have heard it said that there were times in Nuevitas when a drop of fresh water was worth its weight in gold. It has no source of supply, and when the rain-water, which is caught in cisterns, gives out, the supply is brought from other towns in barrels.

"The town of Puerto Principe to-day is the quaintest one in all Cuba. More of old Spain is to be seen here than in any other part of the island. The streets are very narrow, and from some of the overhanging balconies, which themselves are curious, it seems as if two people could reach across and shake hands. The houses are very old, and the doors and windows are said to be exact reproductions of some of the very ancient times of Spain.

"A queer little railroad joins Puerto Principe with Nuevitas on the seacoast. It was one of the first railway lines built in the island, and I believe was constructed not long after George Stephenson built the first railroad in England. Two or three times a week a mixed passenger and freight train is made up and makes a trip in order to meet the Havana boat. On this little railway the freight regulations are very strict. Passengers are not allowed to carry anything that may seem to interfere with the right of the company to collect freight. One day, riding from Nuevitas to Puerto Principe, a gentleman showed me a nice fish which he was taking home for dinner. For it, he was compelled to take out a bill of lading and pay the freight. This amounted to just one cent. I don't think any railway manager in the United States can make a better showing for his stockholders than this Cuban railway, with its bill of lading for one cent."

Our Little folks



"Boy Wanted"

"WANTED—a boy." How often we
This quite familiar notice see.
Wanted—a boy for every kind
Of task that a busy world can find.
He is wanted—wanted now and here;
There are towns to build, there are paths to clear,
There are seas to sail, there are gulfs to span
In the ever onward march of man.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And it offers them all it has for pay.
'Twill grant them wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, and an honored name.
Boys who will guide the plough and pen,
Boys who will shape the paths for men,
Boys who will forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great work is never done.

The world is eager to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Who, with a purpose staunch and true,
Will shape the work he finds to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,—
To good, awake; to evil, blind,—
A heart of gold without alloy,—
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

—Nixon Waterman.

Do you know, little boys and girls, about the "Red Cross" societies that have rendered such beautiful service in nearly all the countries of the world? Their unselfish, Christlike work largely consists in going upon the battle-

fields to look after and care for the wounded and dying, no matter who they are, or for what cause they are fighting.

They have done a very blessed work in Cuba. Many a sad and suffering one has been tenderly pointed to the loving Saviour by the "Red Cross" representatives.

Miss Clara Barton has had charge of the whole service in this country, and she will be remembered in history as one of the bravest and wisest of women. We are glad to print a story which shows a bit of the good work which was done in a Red Cross hospital in Cuba.

A Red Cross Boy



MARTI ARROYA was the last of his family. His father, poor man, had worked hard to support his motherless boy, until one sad day Cuban soldiers called upon him to join them. Because he refused, the cruel fellows cut off his hands with their machetes, and sent him

home to bleed and die. Two days after, Marti was taken by passing soldiers to Havana, set down in the street, and told to get work.

A twelve-year-old boy can work, and Marti was willing, but when fighting is plentiful, work is scarce, and the boy often went hungry. Heart-hungry he was, too, and night after night, sleeping on the ground, he looked up toward the stars, thinking of his good father and mother, and saying to himself bitterly: "When I am grown up, I will kill those Cubans!"

But that time seemed far away, and every day work grew less and food dearer. Marti often went supperless; soon was glad of one meal a day, and, weak and hungry, wandered through the markets looking wistfully at the scant stock of fruits or vegetables. He was a brave boy, but a boy cannot live on courage alone, and one warm day his fainting limbs refused to move; he sank down on the street, and lay almost unconscious, until a kind voice said: "Let me help you, little boy." He opened his eyes to see bending over him a lady—one of those blessed ones who wear on their arm a sign of Jesus, and in their hearts His love. With her help he sat up and answered her questions, but again dropped over unconscious as he was placed in a passing ambulance and taken to a hospital by his newfound friend. Nourishing broth revived him, yet fever set in, and Marti was very ill. For days he knew nothing of the misery around him; nothing of the kind nursing; nothing of the war which had closed the port of the city, and made food still more scarce. When at last the fever left him, he could only lie and watch the busy nurse, or listen to a low voice singing in the next room, which soothed him to sleep. He longed to see the singer, and asked his nurse the meaning of the sweet words, for they were not in his own Spanish tongue, and he knew but little English.

"Ah!" she said; "You like the singing? Then I will bring the singer," and she went out.

How anxiously Marti waited; how long it seemed; yet at last a young lady entered, and sitting down beside his cot, said: "Nurse thinks you would like a song." But her voice trembled as she spoke, and she added: "You are so

my own dear brother, I shall sing for you his song." Then in a low voice came the words:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Til the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!"

"Now," said she, "I shall sing it in your Spanish tongue. You will love it when you know the dear words."

When she had finished Marti's hands were over his eyes; he was pressing back the tears.

"Let them come, Marti," said the young lady. "I know all your trouble. I, too, have lost father and mother. But I have my Saviour, and I have come to Cuba hoping to help some poor suffering ones. The next room is a Cuban soldier. He is fearfully wounded, and must die."

"A Cuban soldier!" exclaimed Marti.

"One of them killed my father; I hate them every one!"

"Do not say that," she said, gently; "they are not all bad. This one, I am sure, has repented, for he is willing to forgive even the Spaniards, whom he hated as you do the Cubans. Only to-day he asked me to help one who was suffering. We are all sinners, Marti."

It was many days before the little Cuban learned to forgive. Yet he did learn. God's spirit taught him through his faithful nurse, and one day he surprised her by saying: "I would like to work with you."

"And I would like to have you," she answered. "You know the language; all nurses do not." Then on his arm she bound the cross, whispering: "For Jesus's sake, you know."

Thus Marti began his work in the hospital. Friends and enemies were there, lying side by side. God's love was there too, and as Marti tried to relieve the suffering, he learned a great truth, that love is far sweeter than hate. — *Harriet C. Cooper, in Kind Words.*

HOW many of our little folks have learned that the island of Cuba, with its 750 miles of length, and its width in the widest part of 135 miles, and in the narrowest of thirty miles, is only the western extremity of a submarine mountain range running under the sea in a southeasterly direction for nearly two thousand miles?

It is said: "If the waters of the ocean were to be suddenly dried up, that the scenery of that mountain range would surpass anything to be seen in the world to-day. All of the hundreds of islands in the Antilles are lofty peaks of these submerged mountains whose base is from ten to twenty-five thousand feet below the sea level. Its highest

summit is in San Domingo, where it reaches an elevation of twelve thousand feet above sea level. From the lowest point in this ocean valley, to the highest peak, is more than seven miles."



MUSIC IN PORTO RICO

Little Snowflakes

LITTLE snowflakes through the air,
Whirling, whirling down;
Here and there and everywhere,
O'er the earth so brown.

Coming down so white and still,
We cannot hear you speak:
Tell us, little snowflakes all —
What is it that you seek?

Swiftly, lightly flying
Through the air so fast,
Tell us why you come to town
When the Autumn's past?

"Don't you know, wee girls and boys,
A soft, warm quilt we make —
Flitting down together so —
Gently — flake by flake?"

"A downy comforter to keep,
All snug and safe and warm,
The little seed-flowers, fast asleep,
From every Winter's storm."

— *Ida Glendy Seabury.*

ONCE there was a little snowflake that thought: "O, I can do no good. I could not make enough snow for one small boy to draw his sled upon."

But he joined himself to millions more snowflakes, and they all flew down and spread a pure white carpet upon the earth. So many little hands and hearts of many little folks can do a vast amount of good when joined together. — *Ex.*